

OPTIMISM

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find
The best of now and here.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay
Aside the tiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The air of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to Heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of
praise,
The south winds softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.
—John G. Whittier.

The Amateur Revolutionist

If you should see bronzed men, or men with soldierly bearing frequenting a certain office in a small street in San Francisco, and if you knew who the men were or what they represented, you could predict to a nicety the next Central American revolution, its leaders, and its outcome. That is because San Francisco is the place where everything commences, and many have their end in the way of troubles in the "sister republics."

Three years ago the present government of Guatemala missed overthrow by just a hair. As the man who had been financing the insurrection said bitterly when the bottom fell out: "If it weren't for women there'd be no revolutions, and if it weren't for a woman every revolution would be successful." He said this to the man who knows more about troubles political where there's money and fighting than any other man in the world. This man nodded his head with a smile not often seen on his spare face. The financier didn't like the look, and he growled some more: "They might at least have let me hold the government up for my expenses before calling the whole business off. I could have got everything back and interest on my venture."

The other man kept on smiling. "That's the way you fellows look at it. If you can't win, sell out at a good price. But that don't win in the long run. One woman can spoil the scheme."

Two years before this a young woman landed from the Pacific Mail steamer City of Para, and registered at the Palace as from Mazatlan. She had a little maid who giggled and talked Mexican, some luggage with Vienna and Paris hotel labels over it, and the manner of a deposed queen. She signed herself as "Sra. Maria Rivas."

In due time Senorita Rivas left the hotel for quiet lodgings on Vallejo street. But before she disappeared from the court, a gentlemanly old man with knobby hands, called and introduced a companion. "This is the young man I spoke to your excellency about. I present Senor Thomas Vincent." Then the gray-haired man slipped away, and Thomas Vincent was left looking down into the dark face of Maria Rivas. He did not know why he was there, nor who she was, nor even the name of the man who had introduced him. But he was not sorry.

She let him stand while she glanced him over. Vincent drew himself up at her somewhat insolent manner, and was rewarded by a smile.

"Will you accept an invitation to supper to-night if I press you very hard?" she asked him in smooth English.

Vincent turned his eyes about the court. Then he looked down at her again, and nodded curtly. "Certainly, madam." He finished, and went on. "But I failed to catch your name. I am awfully embarrassed."

She got to her feet, and held out a slender hand. "I am Miss Mary Rivas," she said, quietly. "My father was formerly the president of Honduras. I went to school at Bryn Mawr, and I met your sister there. That's why, when I found you were in San Francisco, I asked to have you brought and introduced."

Vincent looked at her very soberly, almost pityingly. Then he offered her his arm, and they went into the supper-room, where everybody turned to watch their progress, knowing neither of them.

When she removed to the flat on Vallejo street, Miss Mary Rivas told Vincent to come and take the first dinner with her. "We'll christen the new place," she said, gayly, "and, besides, I hope you'll find that I'm really American and can cook."

That night at 9 o'clock when the Mexican maid had departed giggling to the kitchen, Vincent's hostess leaned forward over the table at which they sat, and rested her elbows on it. Her bare arms framed her face in a sudden way that took Vincent's heart out of its regular beat. He leaped to his feet

when Maria Rivas, dropping her head, burst into a torrent of sobs, her white shoulders heaving as her agony got the better of her.

As he stood there biting his lips she threw back her head and darted up and to the window. He heard her moan, as if she saw and heard something too awful to comprehend. He walked over and stood back of her till she swung round, and he saw the tear-stained face relax and the swimming eyes close. He carried her to the table, and laid her down across it, and rubbed her hands. Then the maid came in, still giggling hysterically, and together they revived her until she sat up between Vincent's arms and sild from the big table to the floor. Vincent sent the astonished maid out by a gesture of command.

"Now what's the matter?" he demanded, hoarsely. "If you're in trouble tell me."

She paused before him. "It was what I remembered," she replied. "How can I forget?"

"After I had been five years in the States papa sent for me to meet him in Colon. I got off the steamer, and he was waiting on the wharf. I knew he would do it just that way. He put on his glasses with both hands, and looked at me as if he were very glad, and oh! I loved it, for it was just like it was when I was a little girl and ran into the big room."

"But trouble came in Panama, and papa thought we'd better come up to San Francisco. I've been so busy down here one way and another," he said, "that I'm always suspected of conspiracy. Your mother is dead, and the fun of life is out of it. We will live peaceably as befits an old man and his daughter."

Vincent's voice broke in on her story. "When was this?"

"Five years ago. And everything went all right till we got to Anapala. There a friend of papa's came on board and showed me a paper. It said papa was not to be allowed to land in Honduras, as he was plotting an insurrection. He put on his glasses to read it. When he looked up at me, he said: 'We shan't see where your mother is buried, nor the place where you were



CARRIED HER TO THE TABLE.

born.' He shook hands with the friend, and said nothing more.

"On the day we were as Ocos, in the afternoon, I saw the comandante come on the steamer with some soldiers. He said he wanted to arrest papa, but that if he came along willingly he would not use force."

"I am under the American flag," papa said. "I know who has done this. It would mean my death if I went with you." Suddenly I heard a shot and then another. I hurried to papa's room. Outside there were two soldiers aiming into it. I saw papa sitting on his camp-stool and his two revolvers in his lap. He was hunting for his glasses, but the chain had slipped down. He could not see to shoot. One of the soldiers, after a long time, fired his gun again, and father suddenly picked up his revolvers, and I cried out again. He didn't shoot, and I know now that he was afraid of hitting me. Then he fell. The soldiers fired again and ran away, panting and yelling to each other. I went in to papa, and he asked for his glasses, sitting up on the floor very weakly. When I found them and gave them to him, the blood was running very fast down his breast. He put on his glasses with both hands, wrinkling up his forehead in the old way, and looked at me very—He looked. * * * He said, 'I am glad I could see you, little one * * * before I go.' That was all."

She went to the window and stayed there, immobile, while Vincent walked up and down behind her. At last she turned around. "That was five years ago. No one has done anything to punish them."

Vincent, because she was suddenly to him the woman, did what every man once in his life will do for one woman; he sacrificed his sense of humor. With all seriousness he stiffened up. "It was under my flag he was shot down. I've served under it. Give me another flag for Guatemala and I'll go down there and those murderers shall die against a wall, with your flag flying over their heads, its shadow wavering at their feet on the yellow sand."

Maria Rivas, because she was the woman in this case, understood perfectly. "A revolution?" she said, very quietly. He went over her hand gravely and youthfully. His manner was confident, as if he saw very clearly what was to be done and knew how to do it, not as if he had promised a girl with tear stains on her cheeks to overturn a government because of a murder one hot afternoon on a steamer in a foreign port.

This was the beginning of the affair.

its continuation was in a little town on the Guatemalan coast, where Vincent landed with a ton of munitions of war, marked "Manufactures of Metal," and thirty ragged soldiers. A month later he had a thousand insurgents and twenty tons of munitions, and his blood had drunk in the fever that burns up the years in hours. The first thing Vincent did under its spell was to march on Ocos and take it. When the town was his and the comandante in iron, the young man took out of his pocketbook a little list of names, made out in Maria Rivas' hand. He compared this list with the list of prisoners, and ordered out a firing squad. Half an hour later the shadow of the flag made by the woman in the Vallejo street flat waved over the sand on which lay six men in a tangle. Generalissimo Thomas Vincent went out into the sun and looked at the last postures of the six, and then out across the brimming waters of the Pacific. A mail steamer lay out there in the midst of a cluster of canoes, the American flag drooping from her staff.

An Irishman in a major's uniform came out of the cool of the barracks and stopped beside Vincent. "Another week ought to see us in the capital," he said slowly. "But I don't like this business, general. These beggars don't amount to anything. Why did you order them shot?"

A barefoot girl of some ten years crept around the corner of the sun-baked wall. She picked her way over the sand, darting her glances fearfully at the two officers. Suddenly she stooped over the crooked body of one of the motionless ones. She tugged at the sleeve of a shirt, and as the face turned slightly upward to her effort, she fell to beating on the ground with both hands, and sobbed in the heat, dry-eyed.

Vincent strode over to her, and gently picked her up. Her quick sobs did not cease as he carried her into the shade, his own face drawn and white. He looked over at the major, who stood gnawing on his stubby mustache. He did not reply to the question until the major repeated it angrily. "It was because * * * they deserved it. * * * Vincent stopped, and then went on, almost inaudibly. "God knows why I did it, and then there's * * * the—" He stopped once more, for the girl's hard sobs had ceased, and her lithe hand had darted from the folds of her scanty gown to the young general's throat, and the major saw him set the burden softly down, and then fall forward, the blood pouring around the blade of a knife deep in his throat.

With an oath the major leaped over to him and lifted his head. Vincent's eyes looked clearly into his. Then the wounded man looked over at the little girl, poised for flight a dozen feet away. He nodded at her with an air of absolute comprehension, and then died.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Riley's Partner in Sign Painting.

It may not be generally known that James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, was at one time a sign painter and a good one, it is said. His place of business was at Peru, Ind., and his partner was W. J. Ethel, later for many years an employee of the United States Senate.

Riley forsook paints and oils for the painting of word pictures, but Ethel could never get over his fondness for brush and colors. One of his duties in the Senate was to put out the weather map. On blustering winter days senators used to find the map's borders decorated with scenes from tropical jungles, and when the sessions were prolonged and the weather got hot icebergs used to surround the map which told of depressing heat. Senators used to make mock bets as to whether it was hot enough to "melt Ethel's icebergs."

One day Riley, who had not heard from his former partner for years, was a caller at the capitol. Vice-President (then senator) Fairbanks was showing him the sights. They stopped in front of the weather map.

"Ethel, by thunder!" exclaimed Riley.

There was a joyful reunion.

How Wasps Preserve Fresh Meat.

That remarkably self-sufficient insect, the huntress wasp, knew how to preserve fresh meat for the use of her children long before man invented his canning processes. "The huntress wasps" capture spiders, administer to them an anesthetic sting that leaves them alive but unconscious for a period of about two weeks, and then "cans" them in the tubular cell where she deposits her eggs. The preserved spider lives just long enough to furnish fresh meat to the young wasps. These mother wasps are not only skilled in the arts and sciences, but are most valiant hunters. Even the dreaded tarantula succumbs in fear to a wasp of a large and handsome species known as tarantula killers.

Past Aid.

A woman who can "fun" in the face of uncertainties has been discovered by the New York Sun.

She had a telephone in her apartment, and called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued.

"We are sorry to lose you," said the man who took her message. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman, emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married to-morrow."

DOINGS OF WOMEN

Don't Break Down.

There would not be so many worn-out, fagged-looking women if we learned early the value of that ounce of prevention. With most of us prevention is like thunder—it comes after the danger is past. So much of the misery of life is preventable that it is pitiful how rarely the effort is made. We lose our looks, break down before our time, and either are snuffed out altogether, or hang on creaking hinges when we should be in the full flush of living. Most women act as if they were fatalists—what must be, must be. Then they groan when the inevitable occurs instead of living up to the true fatalist spirit of stoicism.

Perhaps you are one of the persons who never takes any rest. You look on life as a race to be run, forgetting that the strongest runner goes slow until the finish. Have you the foolish idea that to stop a minute to read the papers or to dip into a famous book is stealing time that should be devoted to husband or children? Are you charitable to every one but yourself, and look upon letting up in your mad pace as shirking?

Are you one of those misguided beings who think monotonous plodding is duty, and crush out young longings for an occasional matinee or social outing lest you fall in some chimerical duty? If so, readjust things. Learn to look on these things as "that ounce of prevention" without which snappings are inevitable. It is continual plodding that not only makes life stale, but brings wrinkles and narrow minds.

Do you ever stop to think what a breakdown means? How many of the coveted pleasures or longed-for rests could have been had for the doctor's hire? Occasional flight from the grind is better than skilled specialists to keep one well, which is the sensible modern woman's reading of "that ounce of prevention."

To Keep Home Happy.

Learn to govern yourself. Do not expect angelic qualities in your helpmate.

Beware of the first disagreement. Also of meddlers and tale-bearers. Never retort in anger. It is the answer which usually begins the quarrel.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkingness.

Never conceive a bad motive if a good one be possible.

When the opportunity occurs for kind speeches make them.

Do not neglect duties which affect the comfort of others.

Remember that speech is excellent, but silence is sometimes more valuable. Be gentle but firm with children.

Do not furnish boys and girls with too much pocket money; make them understand the value of a dollar. Do not say anything in their presence which you do not wish repeated. Beware of correcting them in an angry or petulant manner. Never allow them to stay away from home overnight without knowing where they are.



Silph bookers made in the princess form are designed of crepe de chine, with narrow lace bindings faced with ribbons. These are worn with elaborate evening toilettes. They are not always white; quite often they are made with white silk and, while scant, are elaborately trimmed.

As walking skirts are still worn short, one can afford to turn up the lower edge of the skirt where the material has been cut by wearing at least half an inch. This will make the bottom of the skirt look fresh and new and will not make the average skirt of last season too short for the present styles.

It is quite the fashion to trim the upper part of a satin empire gown with a spray of ivy leaves. This is part of the Napoleonic era in clothes. The modern ivy leaf, as it is worn today, is of black satin or velvet, usually the former. A spray of them in different sizes is worn over the right shoulder, some resting on the top of the arm. This is in keeping with the popular fashion of using a startling decoration on one arm and shoulder that is not repeated on the other.

Use Cotton Bandages.

Cotton is better for bandages than linen and its cheapness brings it within the reach of the possessor of the most limited means. No household should be without a supply of these

cloth for such purposes, and it should be burned and never used but once. The linen formerly used for bandages absorbs the albuminous serum in burns and skin diseases of more or less moist nature, keeps the surface dry and causes pain; also absorbs the fatty substances employed in the dressings and interferes with their action on the skin.

War Against Hatpin.

A campaign against the murderous hatpin has been instituted by the newspapers of Berlin in view of a series of accidents which have already occurred during the busy period of Christmas shopping. Numbers of more or less serious injuries have been caused by these dangerous implements protruding from the huge hats of fashionable ladies. Last week a lady was permanently blinded in one eye when taking part in a rush at a "bargain sale." Two days later a lift attendant at a neighboring shop had his face so badly injured that it was necessary to take him to a hospital. Many cases of scratched faces are reported from many quarters.—London Daily Mail.

Stunning Luncheon Gown.



Broadcloth of the finest texture in a delightful shade of Copenhagen blue made the gown from which above illustration was taken and which was unusually smart in appearance. The line just above knee marks the tunic, running from back to foot of skirt in front. There is a generous train and a little bolero effect on the bodice opens over a charming chemisette of embroidered white mousseline. Black soutache braid is used on jacket and sleeves, the latter formed entirely of deep circular tucks and a band of black satin edges the jacket next the chemisette. Two black satin-covered buttons effect a closing at bust line. With this charming hat is worn a fur hat of white fox with long bow to match, the hat adorned with a gorgeous bird of paradise.

Don'ts for a Dinner.

Don't mix sets. Guests should have congenial interests. Don't put the two brightest people together.

Don't put a man next to his wife, or on the same side of the table.

Don't have nervous maids.

Don't fail to be ready and in the drawing room five minutes before the time.

Don't confide any of your nervous anticipations to your husband.

Don't fail to overlook the table in detail before guests arrive.

Count the flat silver at each plate.

Don't allow conversation to be entirely between couples. Make it general at times.

A Valuable Tip.

Here is a tip for making the lingerie waist wear better than is its wont which is worthy of the consideration of the home dressmaker. When a quantity of insertion is used upon a blouse the lace should be reinforced with a strip of net set in under it. Any kind of wash net of good quality will answer the purpose. It can be sewn on with the lace or afterward by hand.

A Housekeeping Hint.

The housekeeper who cannot afford a covered garbage pail of zinc can hide the unsightliness of her leftovers by an improvised cover. This can be made of a big bushel or half bushel fruit basket, turned upside down and neatly pasted with oilcloth, which can easily be kept clean. The largest size of screw hook is fastened in the bottom, rather the inverted top, for a handle.

As to Picture Hanging.

Women who have crazy quilt walls, with the pictures hung in medley fashion all over it by invisible wires, will be interested to know that art dealers are trying to overcome the bad effect by asking permission for their men to hang

the pictures, and these men will also make suggestions about other pictures on the walls. It is no longer considered good taste to use the invisible wire, chains or heavy wire taking its place. The dealers say that as soon as people begin to use the chains or heavy wires they will immediately go to the opposite extreme and want something like a rope for a picture hanger.

The New Type.

There is the new type. The "distinguished-looking" men and women of slight build, with small heads, hands and feet, and with delicate features, are seldom met with now. They are being rapidly replaced by thick-set men and women, with massive heads, huge hands and feet, coarse-featured, and having a broad mouth with thick lips. Is it that nature is providing for the increased wear and tear of life, or that circumstances are removing those constructed on the old pattern?—London Truth.



There is a rage now for even white suits, worn with hat and accessories of nut brown.

Mousseline voiles will be fadish this season and will be made into very stylish evening robes.

Frocks may be buttoned down the front as well as the back. Fashion has suddenly become most liberal-minded in that respect.

Bridal dresses have been chiefly remarkable during the last few months for the marvelous laces with which they have been trimmed.

The black sash, with bow and end at the side, is worn even with the separate waist and skirt, although preferably not with the plain tailored waist.

Black velvet bonnets are flourishing in the land; big and little, simple and elaborate, but black velvet. There is also a hint of the poke in spring millinery.

The full line of the neck is shown and when the long neck is not natural the collar is placed low upon the bodice and fits well under the arms and chin.

Color embroidery on white, black, cream and ecru will be much used, as well as white on color. Most of the embroidery seen now in the shops is machine made.

The separate waist and skirt has almost disappeared from view. The one-piece princess dress is taking its place. This princess style means curves and a waist again.

The long, tight skirt is giving way, for walking purposes, to the short, tight skirt, worn with a long and much-braided coat, the whole costume being often trimmed at hem and wrists with fur.

Employed more for evening than day wear are the deep, rich shades. The reason for this reversal of old-time custom is that these tints are so successful in setting off a beautiful neck and arms.



MILLINERY

The Crusader's helmet is the very latest thing in millinery. Fair votaries of fashion in quest of new sensations in toilet have gone back several centuries to medieval times, borrowing the garb of monks and crusaders. The new helmet headgear, herewith pictured, is built of rough hemp straw. The crown is dyed bright green, while the brim, which is cut up like in the back and front, is of dead black. Square, broad top and stiff cleft helm.



have the appearance of being held together by nails with rough finished, barbaric looking heads of iron, copper and hammered brass. Large jet cabochons sometimes take the place of the metallic heads. A fine large sigræ of green rises straight up at side of the front.

For Falling Hair.

Half an ounce of camphor with one ounce of borax dissolved in a quart of water, preferably rain water, makes a very efficacious wash for falling hair. Heat the water before adding the camphor and borax, as this will facilitate the dissolving of the ingredients. Bottle and keep closely corked for use. Apply freely to the scalp two or three times a week.